The very bottome and the ſoule of Hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.
Dowg. Fayth, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweete reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in,
A comfort of rstirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and Miſchance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had been heere:
The qualitie and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbiterment,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your greate enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Dowg. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this deame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot

Hot. My cooſen *Vernon*,
Ver. Pray God my newe
The Earle of *Weſtmerland*,
Is marching hitherwards,
Hot. No harme, what m
Ver. And further, I haue
The King himſelfe in perſ
Or hitherwards intended ſ
With ſtrong and mighty p
Hot. He ſhall be welcom
The nimble-footed mad ca
And his Cumrades, that d
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht? all in A
All plumpe like Eſtriges, t
Bayted like Eagles, hauing
Glittring in golden Coate
As full of ſpirit as the mor
And gorgious as the Sunn
Wanton as youthfull Goa
I ſaw young *Harry* with his
His Cuſhes on his thighes,
Riſe from the ground like
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe
As if an Angell dropt down
To turn and winde a fiery
And witch the world with
Hot. No more, no more
This prayſe doth nouriſh
They come like Sacrifices
And to the fire-eyde mayd
All hot and bleeding, will
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on
Vp to the eares in bloud.
To heare this rich repizall
And yet not ours. Come,
Who is to beare me like a t
Againſt the boſome of the

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